

Vox In Nomine

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Summary: ... short little story about losing a friend ...

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VOX IN NOMINE

> by Joe Donakowski<br>

><br>Losing a friend hurts. Losing a friend and thinking you could have done something hurts

>even more. Losing a friend and knowing you could have done something, however, is the<br>worst hurt of all.

><br> It was late, nearly midnight, but Bryant promised himself he would finish one last

>drink. He owed it to himself, that was for damn sure. Four days. It had been four days<br>since the incident, but the fact that he made it back alive to Sullust didn't seem to cheer

>him up much. He wanted to be dead. He deserved to be dead. He would have to settle for<br>drunk though, so he poured another mouthful of Correlian whisky down his throat before

>he let his hang hit the table.<br> His eyes were closed, but he still saw them. He always saw them. Commander

>Verner, relaying the retreat order to the squadron. He still heard his last words echoing in<br>his mind, and he still heard the static that spelt the end of the Commander's life. He

>envisioned him, strapped into his T-65, fingers wrapped tightly around the flight-stick,<br>thumb locked on the trigger sending burst after burst of laser into the Star Destroyers

>bridge shielding. It was futile. An X-wing against a Star Destroyer. Not in a million<br>years. If anyone could take out an STD it was good 'ol Vern, but now... now it seemed

>pointless. The whole campaign seemed pointless. The whole fight seemed pointless. The<br>whole rebellion... no... his whole life, was pointless.

> He closed his eyes tighter and tried to forget, wanting to make it all go away. The<br>pain, the hate, the suffering, but all he got was more pain, more hate, and more suffering.

> Dwelling on it was no help, and all he wanted to do was curl up in

his bunk and wake up<br>the next morning dead, or failing that, hung over. He looked into his glass, and saw his  
>reflection in the bottom of the silver tin. Strands of matted black hair tumbled down from<br>atop his head. Bloodshot eyes sunken into his tattered sockets. A nose coarse from  
>bleeding and cheeks stained with tears. <br> Bryant laughed. He didn't know why, but he suddenly started laughing, and  
>continued doing so for a few moments before picking up the mug and flinging it across<br>the room with all his might. It didn't even come halfway close to travling halfway across  
>the large galley, and it crashed to the ground with a loud echo. It was then he realised he<br>was alone. For some reason, that didn't surprise him. There would be minimal staff  
>awake now, it was roughly 0330, and his friends were asleep. <br> Friends? Acquaintances maybe, not friends. His only friend was strewn across  
>space several systems from here. He needed to be alone anyways. He didn't know why,<br>but he did.  
> 4 days and it still hurt. Hurt more then the 18 years at home. The loss left a scar in<br>him. Not visable pysicaly, maybe, but it was there and it would haunt him. It would  
>serve as a reminder, just like all the scars down his leg from his father, and all the scars<br>on his back from the streets.  
> He wanted to scream. He needed to scream. He couldnt, so he pushed his chair<br>back and burried his head in his lap, hands atop his skull simply because there was no  
>where else to put them. He found no relieft in the silence, however, and soon stood. To<br>the far end of the room were two large doors. He could walk through them, down the  
>long hallways to his room and simply curl up in his bunk. He didn't though. He instead<br>cast his vision out wards to space via the transparent wall opposite the doors.  
> Blacks, blues, whites, reds, golds, they swirled together like a painting, but Bryant<br>noticed none of them. He focused on the void, because in his mind, that was all that was  
>left inside. <br> Seeing nothing else to do, Bryant hung his head. Much to his surprise, his body  
>went limp, and his hands went to the transparent wall. He slowly slid down to the floor<br>until his belly touched the cold metal. Taking more effort then usual, he pulled himself  
>up and sat down with his back to the netherness of space. He drew his legs close to him<br>and warpped his arms around his knee caps, balling himself up and resting his head atop  
>his legs. He stayed there for a few minutes, eyes closed either deep in thought or in no<br>though whatsoever. In time though, he knew he couldnt sit there forever and slowly lifted  
>his head.<br> As a last resort for closure, his eyes wandered the mess hall until they stoppeded at a  
>table. Their table. It was Forn squadrons unofficial hang out, but to Bryant it was even<br>more. It was home.  
> He found his lips moving. He didn't know what words he used or what they<br>meant, but he spoke, his voice barely audible. He talked for a few minutes, words  
>coming more from his heart then form his mouth. <br> He spoke a quiet euology to a fallen friend. A man he had come to think of as his  
>father. He sang a quiet psalm to one of the greats, and he voiced a prayer in the name of a<br>man.  
> Finally, he got to his feet and leaned up against a diamond table for a moment as<br>he stared off into space. He had drunk enoough for

two people tonight, but that was his  
>intention from the start. With a heavy heart, he plodded off to his  
quarters and dreaded<br>waking up tommorrow.

End  
file.